St. Mark's Church

Frankford, Philadelphia

Quinquagesima Sunday

1893=1918

Twenty=fifth Anniversary

of the Rectorship of the

Reverend John B. Harding, B.A.

Bishop of the Diocese

The Right Reverend Philip M. Rhinelander, D.D.

Clergy of the Parish

J. B. Harding, B.A. J. G. Bawn, Ph.D.

Vestry

Harry L. Buckius, Rector's Warden
Robert Pilling, Accounting Warden
William L. Markley, Clerk of Vestry

Thomas Simpson
Elwood S. Davis
George F. Thompson
Adam C. Stanger
Thomas Creighton
Lincoln Cartledge
Joseph R. Embery
Frank Embery, M.D.
Thomas Buckley

Morning Service

Processional Hymn 311

General Confession and Declaration of Absolution

The Lord's Prayer and Versicles

Venite . . . . . *Chant*

Psalm 95

First Lesson

Te Deum . . . . . *Dudley Buck*

Second Lesson

Jubilate . . . . . *Schilling*

Creed

The Lord be with you.
Answer. And with thy spirit.
Minister. Let us pray.
O Lord, show thy mercy upon us.
Answer. And grant us thy salvation.
Minister. O God, make clean our hearts within us.
Answer. And take not thy Holy Spirit from us.

Prayers

Hymn 434

Sermon . . . . . *The Rector*

Offertory

Anthem, "Lead, Kindly Light." Hymn 423

Recessional Hymn 608

Evening Service

Processional Hymn

Alleluia, song of gladness,
Voice of joy that cannot die;
Alleluia is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high;
In the house of God abiding
Thus they sing eternally.

Alleluia thou resoundest,
True Jerusalem and free;
Alleluia joyful mother,
All thy children sing with thee;
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

Alleluia cannot always
Be our song while here below;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for a while forego:
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

Therefore in our hymns we pray
Grant us blessed Trinity, [Thee,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our home beyond the sky;
There to Thee forever singing
Alleluia joyfully.

Psalm 122

I was glad when they said unto me: We will go into the house of the Lord.

Our feet shall stand in thy gates: O Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is built as a city: that is at unity in itself.

For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord: to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of the Lord.

For there is the seat of judgment: even the seat of the house of David.

O pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls: and plenteousness within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes: I will wish thee prosperity.

Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God: I will seek to do thee good.

Gloria Patri . . . . . *Williams*

First Lesson

Magnificat . . . . . *Williams*

My soul doth magnify the Lord: and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded: the lowliness of his handmaiden.

For behold, from henceforth: all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath magnified me: and holy is his Name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him: throughout all generations.

He hath showed strength with his arm: he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat: and hath exalted the humble and meek.

He hath filled the hungry with good things: and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel: as he promised to our forefathers, Abraham and his seed, for ever.

Second Lesson

Nunc dimittis . . . . . *Williams*

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace: according to thy word.

For mine eyes have seen: thy salvation.

Which thou hast prepared: before the face of all people;

To be a light to lighten the Gentiles: and to be the glory of thy people Israel.

Creed and Prayers

Anthem, "Hark, Hark My Soul." Hymn 398

Hymn

O Sion haste, thy mission high fulfilling,
To tell to all the world that God is Light;
That He Who made all nations is not willing
One soul should perish, lost in shades of night:
Publish glad tidings;
Tidings of peace;
Tidings of Jesus,
Redemption and release.

Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Publish, etc.

'Tis thine to save from peril of perdition
The souls for whom the Lord His life laid down;
Beware lest, slothful to fulfill thy mission,
Thou lose one jewel that should deck His crown.
Publish, etc.

Proclaim to every people, tongue and nation
That God, in Whom they live and move, is love;
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above.
Publish, etc.

Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.
Publish, etc.

He comes again—O Sion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.
Publish, etc.

Sermon by the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D.D.

Rector Holy Trinity Church, Philadelphia

Offertory

Anthem, "By Babylon's Wave"

Hymn After Blessing

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go:
Thy word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesu, be our light.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.

Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;
Through night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer Thee.

Recessional Hymn

Go, labor on! spend and be spent!
The joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

Go, labor on! 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

Go, labor on! enough, while here,
If He shall praise thee, if He deign
The willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

Go, labor on, while it is day!
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

Toil on! faint not! keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win!
Go forth into the world's highway!
Compel the wanderer to come in!

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice!
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"